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The Evening World.
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PROBLEMS OF PLENTY.

AMID "perplexities arising out of inability to demobilize totally the food situation of the world in the period between the armistice and the peace," Mr. Hoover advises the country to "do some quick, clear thinking," with special attention to the position of the American farmer.

The latter, Mr. Hoover points out, responded zealously to the call for extra production to meet the Nation's war needs. He was promised fair prices for all he could raise. Hostilities have ceased. The markets of the world are not restored to a state where they can absorb excess of supply from any given quarter. The United States, having immensely increased its ability to export food products, finds itself with a surplus of foodstuffs.

Is it fair to force the farmer to take less than he was promised or let part of his product go to waste?

Mr. Hoover makes the obvious answer. He urges Congress to tax all excess profits out of the packers. But farmers' prices must not be permitted to fall.

No one wishes to see the farmer a victim of his own patriotism. At the same time it is fair to point out that there were others beside the farmer who did their utmost to help win the war. Millions of American consumers not only helped with their industry and their savings but shouldered ever increasing burdens in the mounting cost of all necessities, including food. Only within the last week have they begun to see any hopeful signs that the food prices may come down and that present abundance in their own country may have some meaning for them.

Protecting the farmer from too sudden exposure to the rude law of supply and demand, after the artificial economic conditions produced by war, carries no benefit for the consumer. Taxing away the excess profits of the meat packers does not help the weekly budget of the American worker.

Those upon whom the war and its costs have borne most heavily must, it would seem, reconcile themselves to being the last to whom peace and its readjustments are to bring relief.

Whether it be farmers' prices or workers' wages, wherever special war demands raised plateaus of temporarily accelerated prosperity, the first care is now to maintain the higher levels on the plea that if they come down too suddenly they will produce earthquakes.

The country is like a man who under stress of intense excitement and need has climbed a steep rock. He has got to study how to get down again without a fall.

American intelligence is capable of grasping the situation and proceeding with caution and patience. At the same time, it sees only justice in an equitable division of the burdens and temporary disadvantages of this period preceding the definite establishment of peace.

It would hardly seem fair, for example, that producers of food should be carefully shielded from even the smallest hurt to their interests resulting from the cessation of hostilities, while consumers were cut off from the natural benefits of restored plenty in their own land.

After months of extra productive effort, saving, self-denial and struggle to keep up with soaring prices, the war peril is past and there is a surplus of food for the people of the United States.

That surplus should not mean ruin for farmers. On the other hand it SHOULD mean relief for consumers.

That relief cannot justly be expected to take the form of a sudden, spectacular slump in food prices. But it can and should manifest itself in a regulated, consistent and continuing decline in the cost of common foodstuffs.

HOW BROAD?

The Evening World's contention that post-war wage adjustments can be made equitable only by recognizing the claims of unorganized as well as organized labor is supported by John D. Rockefeller jr. in an interview which this newspaper prints to-day.

"The fact that organized labor concedes the right of unorganized labor to representation and collective bargaining," declares Mr. Rockefeller, "is an evidence of organized labor's breadth of thought."

Is that breadth of thought broad enough to admit that the wages of unorganized workers must be raised even though such raise may in certain cases entail a fractional loss of the war gains of organized labor?

Broad enough to admit also that for many classes of unorganized labor there cannot be collective bargaining that takes the form of unionization under the auspices and rules of the American Federation of Labor?

Letters From the People

"Smug Complacency."
To the Editor of The Evening World:

May I thank you for your editorial in to-day's issue, "The Times Talks Sheep Talk?"

It is smug complacency on this great daily's part to think it is voicing the thoughts of the other hundred million in the country on the question of National Prohibition.

Thanks for suggesting to the Times that now is not the time to run away from such questions, but, on the contrary, is the time to stick to its guns and not try to play "both ends from the middle." J. L. S.

Jan. 20, 1919.

A Quaker View.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a Quaker person, and as such supposed to be rabidly opposed to a "wet" country. At the same time I want to thank you for your editorial "The Times Talks Sheep Talk." It does.

For a Republic that prates about "land of the free" and "personal rights of the individual" this dry avalanche is about the most treasonable stand against itself that a nation can assume. Any land that marks out what a man must eat and drink belongs to Prussian autocracy. I repeat, I'm a Quaker person, and as such thank you heartily for your clever editorial.

FLORENCE BELL COCHRAN.
No. 12 East 9th Street.

Suggestion for Anti-Prohibition.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorials on National Prohibition have interested me greatly, as they must any person who until now has regarded America as a free country and not a reformatory or a home for inebriates.

We were all prepared to make sacrifices and to submit to the necessities of rationing during the war—but to be dictated to as free citizens as to what we shall eat or drink in times of peace, is a very different matter.

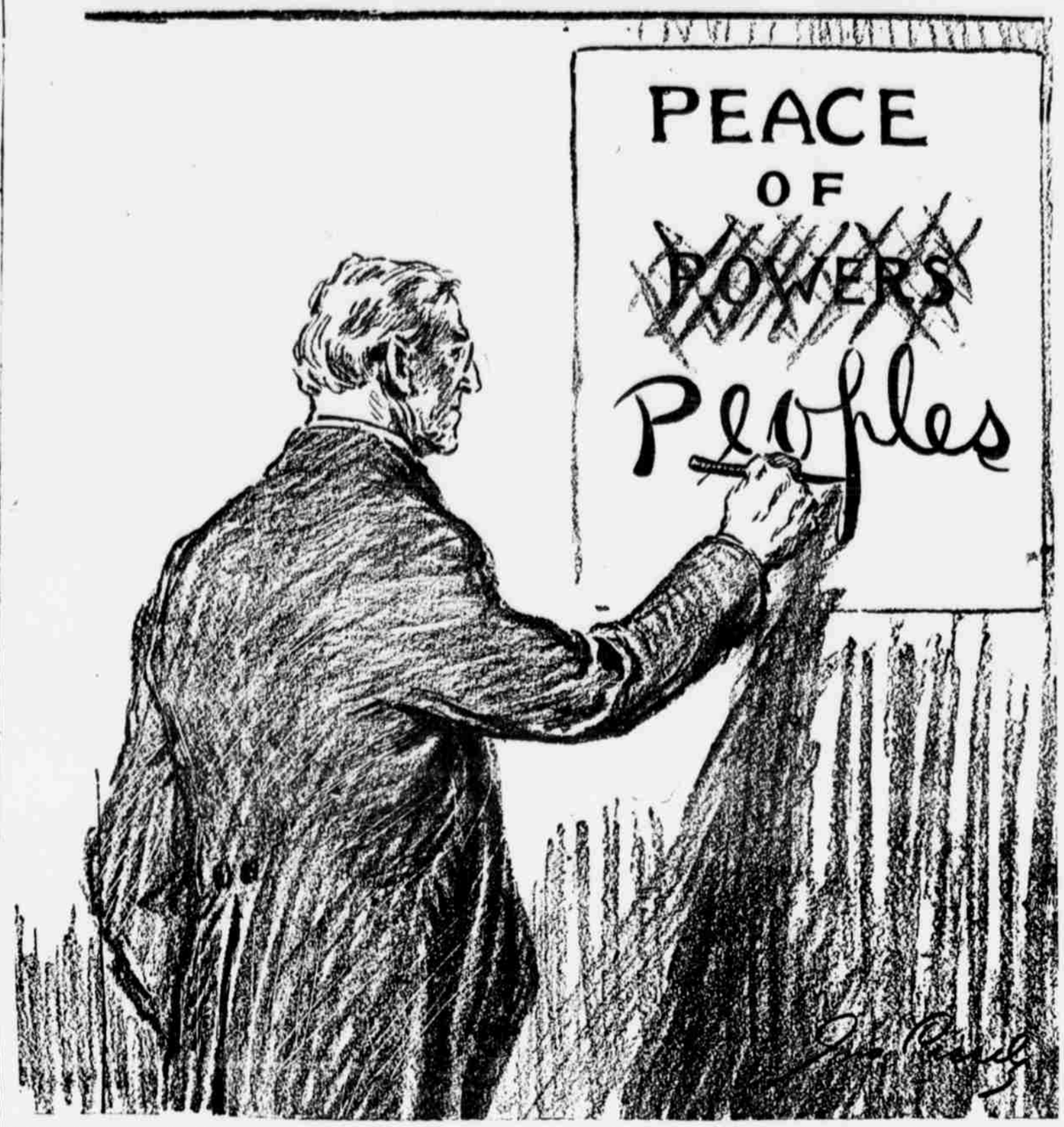
Why does not the anti-prohibition party take a house-to-house vote to ascertain the opinion of the people in every State with regard to this drastic curtailment of their personal liberty before the return of President Wilson, when these protests could be submitted to him?

Possibly this action might alter the voting at the next election.

LIBERTAS.

True Democracy

By J. H. Cassel



Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

ONCE upon a time every little girl planned to grow up and marry Prince Charming and make a happy home for him. Now she plans to grow up and be a moving-picture "vampire" and lure him away from his happy home.

Many a good wife has made the fatal mistake of trying to tie her husband to her by her kitchen apron strings instead of by his heart strings.

The worst "danger" that confronts the modern business girl is not so often the temptation to listen to the rich man who offers her a spin in his motor car as the temptation to listen to the poor young man (making less money than she is) who offers her a wedding ring and a kitchenette apartment.

The average man takes all the natural taste out of his food by covering it with ready-made sauces, and all the personality out of a woman by covering her with his ready-made ideals.

Prohibition may put an end to the spirituous "jag," but the spiritual or sentimental "jag" will keep right on going to the head, exalting the spirit, making you dizzy, filling you with ecstasy and causing you to act foolish. And what else is a "jag," after all?

The bitterest moment of a woman's life is that in which she discovers that the man to whose "higher nature" she has been striving to appeal never had such a thing.

Heaven is NOT a mythical place. It can be found right down in the heart of the man who has found the work he loves and the woman he loves.

A young girl sighs for a lover who will be perfectly devoted to her, but a widow is quite satisfied to find one who won't be devoted to anybody else. Thus, even in the job of matrimony, "previous experience" helps a lot.

An ideal lover is one with such a keen dramatic instinct that he can convince himself of his sincerity—even when he knows he's lying.

From an Inventor's Note Book.

Reviving an old formula invented seventy-five years ago and almost forgotten, French shoe manufacturers are trying to produce a leather useful in their industry from rabbit skins.

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A strong and fireproof artificial stone is being made in the Philippines from beach sand and volcanic tufa.

* * *

Catching mice in large numbers in orchards and fields is the purpose of a new trap made principally of glass.

* * *

By substituting other metals for mercury in a vapor electric lamp a European scientist produces a pure white light.

* * *

British scientists have found a species of pygmy elephant in the Congo of which the adult animals grow to a height of only five and a half feet.

* * *

For temporarily repairing broken vehicle springs a rigid plate to be bolted around them has been patented.

* * *

Spain is planning to build an electric railroad from Madrid to connect with French lines at the frontier.

* * *

To distinguish bottles containing poisons in the dark a sandpaper band to encircle them with an opening for their labels has been invented.

* * *

Four days after hatching ostriches depend upon their own exertions for food, and the parent birds give them no more care.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Gus Finds Prohibition a Dry Subject.

"WELL," remarked Slavinsky, the glazier, "I guess, mebbe, that cashier register machine of yours ain't going to play so many tunes after the 1st of Chune next, vot?" This was just to make Gus feel good, all in the second month of the somewhat but not entirely glad new year.

"I should worry!" replied Gus. "For twenty years I've been in the retail liquor business, and I got more tired serving ales, wines, liquors and cigars than you fellers has in ordering them. I can do without this business—can you fellers say the same?"

"Gimme a little ginger ale," remarked Mr. Jarr, who drifted into the popular cafe on the corner about this time. "I guess it's going to be lonesome pretty soon, Gus?"

"Yes, mobbe, and then again once, mobbe not," replied Gus. "Me, I think it's a good thing for everybody to stop. Mobbe I'm going to open me a Temperance Club here."

"It shows what business sagacity and enterprise can do. You adapt yourself to the changed conditions very deftly, Gus. Tell Bepler about it," said Mr. Jarr. "Still, we'll drop in informally."

"Well, I'm going to take my last schnappa before Bepler, the butcher, comes in," said Mr. Slavinsky, hurriedly. "I told him I had stopped drinking to get used to it, already."

"Secret for secret. I was tapering off, too," spoke up Mr. Jarr. "So I'll take a last one with you. But don't say anything to Rangle. He'll be in before long."

Bepler was just in as Mr. Jarr and Mr. Slavinsky were ostentatiously quaffing their ginger ale, Gus having deftly snatched away the other characteristic glasses of stronger stuff, after their being hurriedly filled and even more hurriedly emptied.

"Ha!" cried Bepler. "I catched you! Then it's all off and I can take a whooptic?"

"Nothing iss off," replied the hypocritical Slavinsky. "Me, it is, I am drinking a chinger ale!"

"Well, it's a good thing for you prohibition is coming," growled the newcomer. "You could do better as a glazier if you didn't put so many glasses in your mouth. How about it?"

"What will you fellows have?" asked Mr. Rangle, coming in at this moment.

"When a man is drinking anything he likes to drink that feller would never ax you if you had a mouth on you," growled Mr. Bepler, indicating Mr. Rangle.

"I notice you never treat me to a chop or a steak," replied Rangle, airily.

"Ha! That's in my butcher shop!" Bepler came back. "Nobody treats in his own store, except Gus, and he don't do it often."

"I'll treat now," said Gus. "Come! I won't be able to do it much longer, you know."

But they all shook their heads.

"We'll all be drinking soft stuff soon, nothing but soft stuff," said Mr. Jarr, sadly.

"I seen soft stuff made already yet," said Mr. Slavinsky. "Marble dust and witriol it is made of. Good schnappa is made out of rye and malt and hops. Nothing but pure wegetables."

"I don't see why this country should be obstinate this way," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Suppose we insist on a compromise and make it legal for light wines and beer."

"Nothing doing," said Gus. "If this country is going on the water wagon let it keep on the water wagon. Don't let us try to put one foot on the ground. The water wagon ain't got no third rail on it like a bar has."

"I don't see what harm drinking in moderation will do anybody," remarked Mr. Rangle. "I'm sure we are all level-headed business men and we can take a drink or leave it alone."

"Well, you can leave it alone," said Gus. "All you fellers make your brags you won't mind if this country goes on the water wagon."

"Well, we needn't stop short before the time comes," said Mr. Rangle. "We could have an agreement that we could take a little something stimulating for medicinal purposes occasionally."

"This thing of being a fanatic shows a man cannot trust to his own will power!" Mr. Jarr chimed in. "I think when we are met like this we should act sensibly and take whatever we want while we can—of course, in moderation—and not treat. It's the pernicious habit of treating that was the cause of excesses, and that turned the majority of people to prohibition."

"Sure!" cried Mr. Slavinsky. "I never really enchoyed treating, but a feller don't want to be a bum sport."

"You ain't going to having nothing but soft stuff in my place," said Gus, firmly. "If you fellers believed you were getting to be rummies and had to quit, then you can't have nothing intoxaholic in my place."

"Intoxaholic?" echoed Mr. Jarr.

"Sure!" said Gus.

And he stood firm on the word and his intentions, and one by one the party drifted away.

"What's this sudden espousal of prohibition on your part?" asked Mr. Jarr, lingering last.

"Well," said Gus, "my landlord wants to raise the rent, and my wife, Lena, she wants a set of furs. All I got to do now is to go out of business, and then I don't have to come across mit either my landlord or my wife. Prohibition is not as worse as hearing so much talk about it."

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

Mr. "Dry," Who Fell for the Demon and the Dishwater Soup

"WE had a great argument on Prohibition in here this morning," said Lucile the Waitress as the Friendly Patron scraped some dried egg off his fork.

"You did?" he asked.

"You know it!" said Lucile. "A fellow sitting right next to where you're hibernating gives me a kind of a flat, empty smile and says: 'Did you notice what a victory we won over the drinking business?'

"I give him one look. 'Where do you get that "We?"' I says. 'I didn't have nothing to do with it. I'm a nice, quiet working girl, with a mother and a landlord to support.'

"'I mean the Prohibitionists,' he explains. Then he says soon liquor will be banished from America. It's neither here nor there to me what he's vibrating on, but a victim with a large, ruby nose nearby saddles it onto himself.

"'Listen!' he says. 'That law won't stand. Why shouldn't I be able to buy a drink if I want one?'

"'Maybe you haven't got the price,' I says. You see, I just wanted to mix 'em up good so as to entertain the other victims. It gets his nanny.

"'Aw, gwan!' he shoots back. 'What do you know about lawology and the fungus-mental principles of rights?'

"'The question of price doesn't enter in,' says the old 'dry' boy up the trough.

"'Say, listen,' I says. 'You go over to Gilhooley's place across the street and try to graft a drink and I'll bet you enter out. I've had a number of gentlemen friends throwed out of that place.'

"'I mean,' says Mister 'Dry,' 'that no matter how much money a man's got he won't be able to buy a drink.'

"'I've seen those popular guys,' I says. 'But none of 'em ever had nothing to do with the Constitution of the United States.'

"'My goodness!' says he. 'Can it be possible that any one is so ignorant? Didn't you never go to school?'

"I just smile. I retain my complacibility to show I got a solid foundation of stability. 'My dear sir!' I says. 'I been run out of more schools than you ever poked your nose into. Now, where do we go from here?'

"The Prohibitionist shuts up and the other guy takes up the subject. 'I'll keep right on drinking the same,' he says.

"'If that's the case,' I says pertlike, 'I'll take the same.'

"Well, sir, the 'wet' one gets up and leaves. The 'dry' one sees him going and dittoes. They go out together scowling at me and talking."

"And that was the last you saw of them, I presume," said the Friendly Patron, disinterestedly.

"Not on your Rogues' Gallery tintype!" said Lucile. "Two minutes later I see 'em both going into Gilhooley's place, arm in arm."

"You did?"

"Yes. And when they come out you couldn't tell which was 'dry' and which was 'wet'. Will you try some of the soup to-day? I wish you would. I want to get a line on it. Three men have already suggested that the chef got it mixed up with the dishwater."

SMARTNESS OF FRIEND WIFE.

A YOUNG merchant presented his wife with a handsome dining room lamp on her birthday and his heart gave a throb of pleasure when she told him she intended bestowing her husband's name upon the gift. At the same time his curiosity was aroused and he asked her reason for such a peculiar proceeding.

"Well, dear," she replied, "it has a good deal of brass about it, is handsome to look at, requires a good deal of attention, is remarkably brilliant, flares up occasionally, is bound to smoke, and is always out at bedtime."—Philadelphia Star.

How Great Wars Were Ended

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 30—THE ITALIAN-TURKISH WAR, Where Aeroplanes Were First Used.

THIS is the story of a short and hard-fought war, which, indirectly, had more to do with the conducting of the recent world conflict than had any other war in all history, as you shall see.

It was waged between Italy and Turkey (1911-1912). And in it aeroplanes were put to their first military use.

Even as the mediaeval battle of Crecy lives in history because gunpowder was there used for the first time, and as the Merrimac-Monitor duel is deathless because it inaugurated the era of ironclad battleships, so the Italian-Turkish war stands out immortal as introducing the airship as an element in warfare.

Up to that time the practical use of the aeroplane in war was in doubt. Strategists, everywhere, saw how it would revolutionize war if it could be proven practicable. But no country had yet sought to make such use of it by actual experiment.

Aeroplane Takes Its Place in Warfare.

Italy paved the way. It was Italy who first tried out the airship in war. All the world watched eagerly the test.

True, only a small fleet of aeroplanes were attached to the Italian army. But those few aircraft gave such wonderful service as to prove, once for all, the deadly practicability of the new venture.

At once the aeroplane took its rightful place as an element of modern warfare. Noting Italy's success with the experiment, both France and Germany instantly took up aeronautics as a part of their military equipment. The epoch-making result has been proven during the past few years.

And so the brief story of the war itself:

Italian residents of Tripoli complained of ill-treatment at the hands of the local Turkish officials. Italy had sent out colonies to develop that region of Northern Africa. And the colonists and other Italians in Tripoli clashed with the Turks.

Italy protested. The diplomatic squabble presently merged into strife. On Sept. 29, 1911, Italy declared war on Turkey.

The first blow was aimed at the city of Tripoli. On Oct. 3 a strong Italian fleet opened a furious bombardment on Tripoli. For three days the battle waged, the warship guns hammering the Turkish defenses with merciless accuracy.

Italian Army Gains Sweeping Victory.

Late on Oct. 5 the Turks could no longer defend themselves against the bombardment, and to save the city and its forts from destruction Tripoli was surrendered.

The next important engagement was a land battle on Oct. 30, which ended in a sweeping victory for the Italian army.

On into 1912 the war continued, and always with triumph to the Italians. On Jan. 7 they sank seven Turkish gunboats, on Feb. 2 they bombarded the rich hillside city of Beirut. The next day they "annexed" Tripoli.

In May they seized the hotly-defended island of Rhodes. Throughout the summer of 1912 the conflict continued, both fleet and army giving a glorious account of themselves, the airships proving invaluable aids to the Italian forces.

The Turks fought gallantly. (The Turk, individually, is one of the finest soldiers on earth.) But they could not turn the tide of success away from their Italian foes.

And in the autumn peace negotiations set in. The treaty itself was signed on Oct. 18. By its terms Italy won what she had gone to war for. She received full sovereignty over Tripoli.

To make the conquest less irksome in a place whose inhabitants were chiefly Mohammedans, the Italian Government guaranteed religious freedom for all Tripolitans.